



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

THE ALDINE.

JAMES SUTTON & CO., Publishers,

58 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK.

\$5.00 per Annum (with Chromos).

Single Copies, 50 Cents.

THE SONG IN THE DARK.

I HEARD a little bird sing out one morning,
While yet the darkness overspread the sky,
And not a single streak of rose gave warning
That day was nigh;

It sang with such a sweet and joyful clearness,
The silence piercing with a note so fine,
I started, thrilled with sudden sense of nearness
To love divine.

"Oh, weary heart," it seemed to utter, "hearken!
God sends a message to you in my song;
The day is coming, though the shadows darken,
And night is long.

"God sees your eyelids heavy—not with slumber:
The sorrowful tears that make their brightness dim,
And all your patient prayers (no man can number)
Are known to Him.

"The day shall come, your darkness dispossessing:"—
And while the bird sang, on my eyelids prest
A weight of sleep, the weary brain caressing
To happy rest.

I slept as children sleep, tired out with crying;
God knows, not I, when I had slept before!
I waked, to find the gracious sunshine lying
Along the floor,

And in its blessed light to see returning
The face of one that was the world to me;
The face my heart, with bitter grief and yearning,
Had ached to see.

The day had come, indeed! O sweetest singer,
The song you sung me in the dark was true,
And would that I could be so swift a bringer
Of joy to you!

Your nest should rock in greenest branches, truly,
And there your shy brown mate and downy brood
Should chirp to you, and spread their winglets duly,
Nor lack for food.

No cruel sportsman ever should beset you,
No sudden tempest ever cause affright,
Nor any ill that birds are heir to fret you,
By day or night.

Vain wish, alas! and valueless completely;
For whether it was blackbird, wren, or lark,
Or silver-throated thrush, that all so sweetly
Sang in the dark,

I never knew—you never more came near me;
But I can trust you, clearly, to His care
Whose tender pity sent your song to cheer me
In my despair.

—Mary E. Bradley.

THE TURKISH SLIPPER.

ONE beautiful summer's afternoon of the year 1854, there might be seen passing along the narrow quay which separated Belek from the blue waters of the Bosphorus, two spirited horses, bearing young Baron Edward de C—and the no less young Miss Mary G—, daughter of the English general recently arrived at Constantinople. The two spoke very little. Miss Mary looked sour; her beautiful white brow was slightly pursed, the corners of her charming mouth were drawn up with something of derision, and she replied only in monosyllables to her companion's enthusiastic remarks upon the beauties of the scene which presented itself to their view. Edward felt unhappy. He had looked forward with such impatience to the arrival of Miss Mary, whom he had known, perhaps loved, when yet attached to the embassy at London. On board of the steamer, whither he had proceeded a few days before to receive her and her father, he had again found the laughing girl, spoiled by the fashionable society of London, and had offered to act as her *cicerone* in Constantinople, having resided there long enough to know the city; but, since landing, her habitual gayety seemed to diminish each hour, and during the last two days, she had succeeded in being quite disagreeable, while Edward was utterly at a loss to explain the cause of so sudden and complete a change.

"See," said Edward, checking his horse, and pointing to the Asian hills, "what a fine prospect! and well adapted to restore serenity to the most sombre

spirit. Why are you so morose, Miss Mary? Do cast your eyes around."

Mary contented herself with shrugging her shoulders, and urged on her horse.

"But what can be the matter with you? What ails you? Not one word?" said Edward, in a tone of mingled anger and sadness.

"What good would it do to tell you? You would not understand me," replied Miss Mary, without even turning toward him. "The men are accustomed to see things as they are, and not as they should be; to sacrifice one impression to another; to give up old and cherished ideas without sorrow and regret—leaving out of account that you are a diplomat, that is to say, the least poetical being on earth, God knows all you have already seen, and how little my words address themselves to you! How could you understand me?"

"Let us see," said Edward, smiling. "It seems to me that I once understood you."

"Very well, then, I will tell you. I am disenchanted, horribly disenchanted. Heavens, how disenchanted I am!"

"Is it possible that I should have altered so much during the two years' since we saw each other?" asked Edward.

"What a coxcomb! You, indeed! It is of the East that I speak. I had pictured it to myself as the true land of poetry; and I have found, alas! squalid streets, hideous-looking dogs, wretched houses without the least convenience, where I expected to find palaces, gardens; and Oriental splendor. I cannot express to you how that garb and the black hat offend my eyes, and you see nothing else in the streets of Pera. And the natives! they are filthy, stupid, barbarous. Nothing said about the Turks is true, except their everlasting chibouks, and if, when smoking opium, they have beautiful dreams, their faces certainly do not show it. Really, I do not comprehend how one can knowingly deceive people, as Byron and Lamartine have done. It is the mission of poetry to render mankind happy, not to create dreadful delusions for them. Ah! they never imagined when they wrote their tales that, thanks to steam, the very first person who arrived would discover their impostures in a few days. Pray, where are the naïve, the sensitive, the venerable Osmanlis of Lamartine, and his magnificent Alis of Abydos?"

"And the Suleikas, the Fatimas, the Leilas?" said Edward. "They are imaginary beings also—geese, who waddle in walking, wear muzzles, and out of whom not a rational word is to be got."

"And do you believe me silly enough to look for beauty only among you men? I profoundly regret that there are no Leilas. And yet,—that is not so very certain. Driven cruelly away by men, poetry shuts herself up in our hearts, her last refuge from the noisy crowd of commissioned officers, secretaries of legation, railroad stockholders, and Manchester men."

"True," said Edward, in a tone of conviction.

"It is indeed true, though you look as if you felt like laughing at me. You are the most prosaic man to be met with either in the East or West. Living here these two years, I had fancied that you went out only in a turban, dressed in some garment with large folds, of a bright color and embroidered with gold; but no, I find you wearing a vulgar paletot, a silk hat on your head, and your cheeks covered with ordinary light whiskers, instead of having a fine beard or a palikare mustache. Have I, then, followed my father to this Eastern war to see you all the same bores upon the shores of the Bosphorus that you were in Hyde Park or on the Boulevard des Italiens? The costume is the only beautiful thing left to the Orient, and even that you have not adopted."

Casting her eyes around, she perceived upon the hill above them an Arnaut, clad in a red jacket, with wide, overlapping sleeves, and a gold-embroidered waistcoat, bound with an ample silk girdle, from which depended chains and chainlets of silver.

"Look," said Mary; "a dress of that description you ought to wear."

"You are foolish," replied the baron, with a smile.

At this moment a savage-looking kind of man barred their progress; this creature had a long beard, still longer hair, and a sheep-skin over his shoulder. He wore a small felt cap, and a set of iron utensils hung at his belt. "What is that?" cried Mary, frightened, and she reined in her horse.

"It is a dervish."

"A dervish! I am very glad to meet one, never having seen any before. What does he want of us?"

"He asks alms. Do you not see how he stretches out his crooked paw toward you?"

Mary drew her purse from her pocket with a joyful look, and offered the dervish a piece of silver. He possessed himself of it with so greedy a gesture as to catch her hand at the same time; she withdrew it precipitately, and looked not without disgust at her straw-colored glove, so spotless a moment ago, but now of a mud color, like the hands of the holy man.

"Have the kindness to relieve me of this glove," she said, turning with a wry face to Edward. The latter could not refrain from slightly laughing; he pulled off the glove and threw it into the Bosphorus. "Another of our dreams floating away!" he said, in a tone of affected sadness.

"Do not make fun of me, Baron Edward," resumed she, continuing her way in sufficient ill humor. "You do not know how high you stand in my deceptions. What vexes me most about this country is never meeting with the least little adventure, when, according to your books, one should stumble upon them at every step. To this moment I have not heard of any of the gentlemen we know having had a single one, though we are surrounded by harems, blacks, mutes, fair Circassian slaves, and jealous Turks. Tell me, baron, have you met with any adventure?"

"I leave adventures to the adventurers," was the rather dry reply of the baron.

"That is exactly where you err," rejoined Mary, in an irritated tone; "extraordinary things happen only to extraordinary men."

"I am not an extraordinary man."

"You ought to know by this time, Baron Edward, that an Englishwoman will never love a man who is nothing more than ordinary."

A well-applied stroke with her whip put her bay in a gallop, and she entered a side dingle. The young diplomat followed her in silence. He was painfully affected by the misunderstanding which seemed to exist between him and the capricious girl who had obtained the mastery over his thoughts. How act to give her back her good humor? At that moment he would have been capable of doing anything to re-instate himself in her favor. They threaded a narrow uphill way, bordered on the left by thick brushwood, and on the right by a long whitewashed wall, which was surmounted by a partition of wood.

"What mean those boards?" asked Mary, turning back toward her companion.

"They are there to arrest prying looks; otherwise we could see all that passes in the gardens from the top of this hill."

"And why is it forbidden to see what passes there?"

"Because they are the gardens of a harem."

"Ah, a harem!" exclaimed Mary, bringing her horse to a stop.

"Yes, it is the harem of Abdul Pacha, the most jealous of Mussulmans, and who, they say, has the most beautiful wives in Constantinople."

"Edward," cried the young lady, "Edward, here is an adventure all ready for you!"

The baron was startled. "What new folly is it?" he said. "During those two years of separation you have become terribly English."

"Talk as you like," she retorted, laughing. "I will not be refused; I want you to have an adventure. Go and get over that wall, and, if you find the wives of Abdul Pacha in their garden, bring back with you a little veil, a slipper, no matter what, which I will keep as a remembrance."

Edward looked at her in amazement.

"I am not at all joking," she pursued, "I ask it of you as a proof of friendship, of love, of anything you wish. If you make the attempt—"

"Think, Mary," gravely replied the young man, "think of the scandal which might result from it, think of my position and the embarrassment I should cause the embassy. It certainly is not the danger that—"

"Pshaw! you are afraid!"

"And can I leave you here alone; you, whom your father entrusted to my care?"

"Oh, as for me," she said, laying stress upon the last word, "I fear nothing. I will await you down there behind the bushes."

The young girl's features so clearly expressed her doubts of his courage, and he foresaw so much cutting raillery, perhaps even something worse, that he resolved to commit a piece of folly for the beautiful eyes of this willful little creature, whom he loved with

his whole soul. In a kind of despair he alighted from his horse, led the animal close to the wall, gently stroked its back, and then with one bound stood upright in the saddle, taking hold of the top of the wall with both hands. The young Englishwoman clapped her hands for joy. With another bound he was upon the wall. The partition had a narrow ledge, upon which he tried to steady himself by stretching apart his legs; he then set about removing the obstacle before him, and soon, yielding to his repeated efforts, two planks fell with a noise into the garden. An instant later he had disappeared through the breach. Mary could not keep from uttering a scream. She forgot to conceal herself behind the bushes, and remained at the foot of the wall in anxious expectation. On a sudden several female voices were heard, calling for assistance; they seemed to proceed from a number of women scattering in disorderly flight, and finally died away in the direction of the building at the foot of the hill. Then all was silence again. Mary began to tremble all over; she reproached herself with having exposed Edward to manifest danger solely to gratify her love of sport. The silence continuing meanwhile, she took fresh courage by degrees, casting anxious looks toward the breach by which Edward must return; but at the end of some moments the voices were again heard from the side of the house, louder this time, and blended with the voices of men. "Edward! Edward!" cried Mary, madly urging her horse along the wall, as if to seek an entrance; then she dashed toward the plain, to discover some European whom she might call to her assistance. Her terror increased when the noise of fire-arms mingled with these angry voices. "They will murder him!" she cried, in despair, "and I—I shall have been his executioner! Great God! why did he give heed to my foolish words?"

At length the branches of a cypress overtopping the partition moved, and she saw Edward appear and set foot upon the planks. Several pistol-shots were heard, and a ball whistled past his head; but he had already gained the wall. Mary seized the bridle of the Anatolian mare, which had remained immovable near the opening, and led her to the spot where he had just leaped to the ground. "Let us be off!" he said, and he swung himself into the saddle.

They flew like the wind. When she again ventured to look back, Mary perceived three blacks upon the wall, menacing them with their looks and gestures. What frightened her more, however, was the blood trickling down the baron's left shoulder.

"Heavens!" she cried, "you are wounded."

"It is nothing, miss," replied Edward, in so dry and grave a tone that she did not dare to proceed; but she noticed that he held the reins with his right hand. The tears stood in her eyes, and gladly would she have stopped to ask his pardon; but he was riding at full gallop, and she feared to delay him, not knowing whether his wound was serious or not.

Their horses were covered with foam when they arrived at the *hôtél* in Pera. Edward offered her his arm, and, without saying one word, conducted her to her father's apartments. Mary desired to send for a surgeon, and prepared to look in her trunk for something from which to make a bandage.

"Do not trouble yourself, I pray," said Edward, rather coldly. "I did not play the stoic when I told you it was nothing; in a few days this scratch will have healed of itself. Please sit down on this divan, and, to appease your thirst for adventures, I will render you a faithful account of what passed in the garden, having gone there at your command."

Mary obeyed; she had not the courage to say a word. The baron began his relation:

"The breach having been effected, I leaped through it into the garden, into the midst of a beautiful parterre of flowers, my eyes meanwhile exploring the ground selected for the exploits which your kindness had ordered me to achieve. On the graveled walks which run through these gardens, abounding with flowers and shrubbery, but poor in trees, I beheld three or four women taking the air, dressed all in white, and attended by a certain number of black female slaves. They formed several detached groups. The noise of the falling boards must have roused their attention; for the instant I appeared every face was already turned upon me. My sudden apparition at first threw them into a state of mute amazement, and I heard hardly one or two low screams. This silence lasted some seconds—our thoughts actually fly at such moments—and it seemed to me that these ladies did not feel too much like screaming. It was one of the negresses who gave the alarm, by uttering

a cry of distress and running down the slope on the side of the building. Then the others seemed to awake as from a dream, and fled in their turn with loud cries. However, they did not all disappear into the house. One of these women, who had been in the most elevated part of the garden, which obliged her to pass me, threw herself into a kiosk, after having surveyed me with some curiosity. Instinctively, I had almost said, attracted by a magnetic force, I darted toward her place of concealment. Ah, what a sight was there presented to my view! Extended upon a divan in the background of the kiosk, her face without a veil, lay the loveliest Circassian ever bought at Stamboul for the sum of sixty thousand piastres. With one glance, my thirsty eye drank all the beauties of this enchanting picture. Never yet had I seen features of such perfection, eyes so burning, so full of languor, fringed with such long eyelashes, never so splendid a figure—"

Mary fetched a deep sigh. "The odalisques are geese, you said, and have a waddling gait."

"I beg pardon, then, of the odalisques and of you, Miss Mary; I committed an act of sacrilege. Moreover, I owe you thanks for having compelled me to seek this adventure, but for which I should ever have been unjust toward the loveliest creatures on earth, and should not find myself richer by one very sweet experience."

"Continue your recital," said Mary, imperiously.

"Very well. There she lay, trembling, yet smiling with graceful abandon. I made her a more profound bow than I would have made before the Sultan, and kissed her hand. She smiled again at this singular custom of the Franks, but kindly allowed me to do so. 'Oh, cadine,' I said, 'flower of the harem, thou art the light of my eyes!' Dispense with my telling you more; what I said and what I did, I said and did in a kind of drunkenness. All I remember is, that Fatima herself—"

"Her name is Fatima, then?"

"Yes, Fatima, like the celebrated daughter of the prophet, who was surely less fair. What I remember, I say, is, that Fatima entreated me to leave her when we heard the noise proceeding from the harem. 'I will not depart,' I cried, 'until thou hast given me some remembrance to take with me.'

"Take!" said she, and I seized this slipper, which had fallen from her foot."

At these words Edward produced from his pocket a little red velvet slipper, wrought with gold and pearls, which he placed upon the table. Mary took it and examined it on every side. "It is made without any taste," she murmured.

"But see how tiny it is," said Edward.

"Rather tiny, indeed," replied Mary, in a tone of mockery. "The Turkish women walk with their toes turned in, which spoils the prettiest foot."

"The Turkish women; but not the Circassians."

"Well, and suppose they do not? Proceed."

"Starting to my feet, I looked around me for some means of egress; but already two blacks were hastening toward me with curses. Fortunately, one was so corpulent that he advanced only with difficulty, so that at first I had to deal only with his acolyte. He threw himself upon me and seized me by the arm; but I disengaged myself, and gave him a blow in the chest with my fist, which sent him sprawling to the ground. At this sight the fat black stopped, hesitatingly, at a respectful distance, uttering piercing cries in revenge. I again sought some means of escape; the wall was too high to be scaled, and I no longer had my horse to serve me for a footstool. In this perplexity I heard these words pronounced behind me, in a low tone: 'Climb the tree!' It was Fatima, showing me the road to safety. I cast a last look of gratitude upon her, and ran toward the cypress which she had indicated; but this cypress is situated just on the edge of the path leading to the house, at the end of which I saw a third adversary appear the same instant—a kind of kavas, or guard, his belt garnished with various weapons. We were both in such great haste, and the path was so narrow, that, running violently against each other, we rebounded like two balls. He drew his khandjar and aimed a blow at me, which I parrying, it only grazed my shoulder; at the same time, seizing his right arm, I wrung it with so much force above his head, that the pain made him drop his sabre. Having thus disarmed him, I took advantage of his surprise to ascend the cypress, and, indeed, I had need of haste; for, through the foliage, I caught a glimpse of a whole troop of whites and blacks, hurrying to the scene of action with fire-arms. I had climbed as high as the partition of boards, when

they sent a bullet after me, which fortunately missed its mark. You know the rest." Having spoken thus, Edward rose and took his hat.

"You are not going to take tea with us?" asked Mary, with a slight quiver of her voice.

"Thank you, Miss Mary; but I must go and get my wound dressed. For the rest, you will pardon the neglecting my duties as *cicerone* a little this week. I do not think I shall be able to go out before next Thursday."

"Why Thursday?"

"Because I have some business of importance on that day," replied the baron, with a mysterious smile.

"Edward," said Mary, trying to smile in her turn, "confess that your Fatima is a mere fable."

"No, Mary. You can see her in person next Thursday, in the Valley des Eaux-Douces."

"So that is your business of importance?" she cried in anger. "I should never have believed," she added, with a contemptuous pout, "that you knew how to arrange rendezvous in so little time. It is a new talent I discover you to possess."

"Circumstances give birth to talents," replied he, shrugging his shoulders. He bowed and walked to the door; paused an instant, as though reflecting, and then returned to the table.

"Miss Mary," he said, in an insinuating tone, "this slipper rightfully belongs to you, seeing it was for you I got it. But it has no value in your eyes, and you will find many prettier ones at the bazar. I, on the contrary, should be most happy to possess it; will you give it to me?"

"I will not, Baron Edward!" she cried, rising at one bound and seizing the slipper. "The slipper is mine, and I mean to keep it."

"As you like," calmly returned Edward. "Not for anything in the world," he added, with the tone of a man who desires to dispel every shadow of suspicion, "would I have you believe me enamored of Fatima."

On the morning of the next day, the baron sent for the dragomans and all the others in the employ of the embassy, and directed them to spread the report that a Frank—some Spanish adventurer—having broken into the harem of Abdul Pacha, had been wounded, and had died of his wounds. This report, he said to himself, will reach the ears of the pacha, who will think his vengeance satisfied, and push matters no farther; we shall thus escape the scandal that would result from the affair. And it happened as he had expected.

Twice a day, a domestic from Miss Mary came to inquire after Edward's health. On Thursday, toward evening, he delivered to him the following note:

"DEAR FRIEND: I have just returned from the Valley des Eaux-Douces, and am happy at not finding you there. No more did I meet your Fatima, at least none of the Turkish ladies whom I saw answered your description, and I assure you that I looked at them closely, notwithstanding their veils. Confess, then, at length, that this Fatima is a fable invented to torment me, or, rather, to punish me as I deserved. If such was your purpose, you have, I admit, fully accomplished it. I have passed the last few days in remorse and grief. Come, as soon as your wound will permit, that I may tell you all by word of mouth, that or something else, as you may wish."

MARY."

Edward carried this note to his lips. "I am not a Knight Delorges," he said, putting on his coat, "and, after all, she did not send me into a lion's den, although these hideous creatures are little better."

Their happiness at meeting again after those three days was greater than that experienced the first time after two years of separation. Still, Mary's peace of mind did not return until Edward had solemnly assured her that his Fatima was a pure invention, like the Suleikas and Leilas of the poets.

"But how did you get the slipper?"

"In a very simple manner. One of the cadines who scampered away—for they all took to flight—lost it, and I picked it up."

"Edward," said Mary, after a moment's reflection, "you are a sensible man, and, when we are married, you will know how to tease me properly."

"I hope so," he returned, kissing her upon the forehead. "But, to remind us that I have been obliged to begin so early, we will have a glass case put over this slipper, and place it in your boudoir."

"And when shall we return to England? I have quite enough of Turkey."

"As soon," replied Edward, with diplomatic gravity, "as soon as the authority of the tanzimat and the right of navigation of the Black Sea are secured."

"To be candid, these matters interest me very little," said Mary.

"My dear Mary, you are a true child of your country."

—Maurice Hartmann.